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Tonight, we played a game in the billiard room, without cues, named after Frieda Casa Maury. I have never enjoyed anything more. We must have run miles around the green baize. Devonshire's enthusiasm and panache are terrific.

This afternoon, I wrote my long delayed preface to Montgomery Hyde's book on Bill Stephenson, to be published as The Quiet Canadian. I drafted it as follows, and now must send it on for scrutiny.

May 27, 1962 - Sunday

We left this morning for the rail station of Derby, about an hour away, lunched on the train, arriving in London to be met by Al Wells and carried off to the dedication of the thereapeutic swimming pool for crippled and handicapped children at the Franklin D. Roosevelt School, near Regents Park.

Mrs. Roosevelt, invited to preside at the ceremonies, but unable to attend, had asked me to represent her. The Chairman of the School Board spoke, the entertaining British comedian and star, Richard Hearne, spoke. I gave utterance to platitudes, before unveiling the plaque. It seemed a satisfactory ceremony.

Nelson Slater called me tonight from Bad Homburg, where he is taking a cure. I sometimes wish I could do the same. I do not expect to crack up, but I seldom get any fresh air. My substitute is, I regret to say, tobacco smoke.

The campaign in England against cigarette smoking has attained significant proportions. I have never questioned the deleterious effects of this habit, but am not prepared to give it up. My children call cigarettes "cancer sticks." For almost forty-five years, I have overindulged in cigars, pipes, and cigarettes. Like Mark Twain, I have tried to foreswear their use, without success. As he said, "There is nothing easier than to stop smoking; I have done it hundreds of times."

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
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